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Your Guardian.



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Chapter 1 by Emitz

I have always heard and felt them since being a small child. They would whisper secrets in my ear, hints of the future, of other people's futures. I would try and catch their appearance, but they forever lingered in the corner of my eye; a mere shadow that dashed out of my sight whenever I glanced in their direction. I would try and surprise them when I knew that they were near. I would jump out from behind doors or curtains, but they always got away just out of my reach. We would laugh as we played hide and seek (it was almost a daily ritual) but that was many years ago. We no longer play that game.

The first time I realised that I was not like the other children was when Grace whispered that my classmate's mother was very unwell and that I must be gentle with this little friend. We were six years old. I told Lucy that I was sorry that her mother was sick but she turned to me in bewilderment, informed me that I was wrong and walked away to our other friends. Grace later informed me that Lucy wasn't aware of her mother's misfortunes yet. My friend came over to me the next day and asked me how I knew. I told her everything, but her reaction was just disbelief. She decided that she no longer wanted to be my friend, but Grace advised me to have patience.

I had been feeling a month before I had my first breast lump. I knew I had breast cancer. Lucy hadn't shown up to school that day. I had been feeling a lump in my breast and I had thrown herself straight into my arms. I had been feeling a lump in my breast and I had thrown herself straight into my arms.

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We all have one, you know. A Guardian. They watch, they mentor and they protect. Sometimes they let us fall, yes, but they must. If they don't then we'll never learn our lessons. We will never grow. But life is for growing.

I'm not entirely sure how many you may have, but I have three; Grace, Alina and Lukas. Three voices that don't have faces. I have never seen my Guardians. In fact, I think very few have.

Chapter 2 by Julie Klick



Grace is the quiet one of my Guardians. She was the strong but silent type. I believe I've seen hints of her, just not the full her.

Alina is totally different from Grace. She's outspoken, stubborn, and sometimes arrogant. She is the guardian that appears to me a flashes as if from a lighting bug.

Lukas is the chivalrous one. All about pride and winning. He hails himself as the Guardian who never sleeps. He's always got one eye open. He has never tried to show himself to me. If you ask me he's shyer than he lets on.

As for getting along Alina and Lukas fight and bicker all the time and it's like AM only radio blaring on level 10. Hearing them and not being able to see them is frustrating. Not being able to shut them off is more frustrating.

Grace will roar in if they get carried away and then the fight is over.

People pass me on the street and think I'm crazy because they hear me talking to myself. I cared at first, as time slipped by I slowly stopped caring and just kept to doing my own thing. While walking down the streets of my city each of my Guardians reads every single person that walks by. They whisper stories about the people. If they are lonely, sad, happy, or in need or help. This has been a problem once before so I've had to play my cards right over the years and not let on with some people. Some people can not and will not, accept the fact they are in need of help. Reading people is one of the many gifts that Guardians have. They are quite unique beings. They also serve a more aggressive role when provoked.

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Chapter 3 by Julie Klick

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In deep space in a realm far away from ours sits a galaxy full of brightness and awe. Twinkling celestial bodies glimmer and flash as worlds collide, and new horizons are formed. Among all the chaos there is a central location where commands are made and orders followed threw. There was once a collection of Baltavian life on this central world.

The Baltavian people who lived on this rock were a superior species, a species that didn't need to speak to communicate, a species that didn't have turmoil or strife. The queens high priestess for saw a large un-doing in the grand design they called life. She predicted the fall of their once great nation, and with this fall, she also predicted a onslaught of the royal family. The Queen acting on the fear for the life of her loved ones, had her priestess conj-our up a way to help shield the royal family from being harmed. After the spell was cast each member of the family was followed around by what could mostly be described as a sprite. Fun loving creatures, with attitude problems. It was the decreed that any members of any of the royal lines are to have one or two of these creatures so in case the time arrives they will always have support no matter how far from home base they are.

Over time this breath taking place in the galaxy was ripped apart by war and other forces of nature. As the place broke down and matter began to funnel in upon itself and implode, Members of the royal family were jettisoned out in to space with the hopes of finding another celestial body to inhabit and call home.

Each member sent in different directions to the the furthest reaches of their realm. Some family members traveled to places nobody could even imagine, other family members were sent in the direction of the Milky Way and Andromeda galaxies.

How do I know this? Well it isn't thanks to my mom she was stubborn and didn't ever let on about my heritage, she was always a little dodgy when questioned. This brief astronomical history less was brought to you by grandma Vivean. My grandma by the way is the most honest, sweetest, and most beautiful people I know. I'm not being bi est or anything I swear.

She has told me the story of our lineage time and time again. This all started when I was eight years old. She found out my mom was not telling me the story of our Royal line but a made up story. A story she fabricated so that her daughter would not be burdened. Or so she thought. Even tho I had not been told the story, I was still blessed with these. Growing up I thought of

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So the one person I could always turn to and pour my soul into was grandma. I started telling her about the voices I'd been hear for all those years and she sat me down and told me the story that I've started to share with you.

At first I couldn't believe it till I saw a Scroll of Harthe which when open and an incantation is recited, the scroll begins to glow and expand around you so you can with the wave of your hand move massive galaxies in one slight motion. Being able to reach up and flick part of Orion's belt and play pool was pretty neat as well. This scroll was map of the solar system and the solar systems around it. Every family member's Guardian produces a scroll for his or her guarded. The scroll is only produced when the Guardian feels that guarded has reached a deeper meaning for their own personal being.

My grandma was pretty disappointed in my mom for not pass on the family legacy. It hurt her pretty bad to the point she didn't call mom or talk to her on the phone very much. Not like she used to. After that grandma used to walk around ranting about how mom likes the perks of her title but refuses to give credit where credit is due. Never understanding what she mean I asked her about it one day during her usual rantings. "Your mother never once told you about your lineage. Lied to you the whole time. While she this whole time having the privilege of running around Earth with her own set of Guardians, and never once told you about yours. Using hers to her own advantage. Greedy I tell ya. Greedy."

I always cheer her up by telling her that its ok because it gives me time to spend with her. She gets happy and I get another history lesson. Its a win win scenario.

Chapter 4 by Julie Klick



Now time has drifted by since they day I learned my whole life wasn't what I thought. People have came and went from my life. I am now in the process of saving my cash from my jobs to get my own place to live. With no longer being in school and working full time I have to be an adult. Time to grow up. Not that I want to but I need to.

I'm now at point in my life where I've seen one of my guardians. Alina showed herself to me one night when I was breaking down and having a horribly rotten day. It was the cure. Upon laying eyes on her my mood was instantly lightened and life couldn't of been better.

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I'm a little older than
from the premises. Help

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kind of thing. It wouldn't of been weird if I had not been having that same moment as a dream the entire week before hand. So I was ready for it all to go down so I ended it before it began. In my dream his rant escalated into violence, in real life he was nabbed by the cops before he could get close enough to me.

Since I never bothered to ask if my dad knew about my line, I always assumed mother kept it hidden because she didn't want him to know. As it turns out he knew all along. Yesterday he showed up on my front door step wanting to talk with me. We sat down in the living room and my loving father dropped a bomb on me.

As my father sat down I sensed something different about him. Lukas sensed something was wrong with him as well. "Your pops seems a little tense."

Ignoring my urge to speak aloud I just let it go.

"Lillian I know you've spoke with your grandma. I'm glad you had the nerve to seek out help since your mother was not there for you. I was never there for you. Not like you needed us to be. I apologize for that, from the bottom of my heart. No amount of knowledge can replace experience, and this is what you've been robbed of most of your life." he said while looking down at as his hands as he crossing and uncrossing his fingers, then looking back up at her.

"I never blamed..." Was all that I got out before he cut me off.

"Let me finish my dear. Please this is very important and I need you to hear me out." He said while mustering a half a smile. "Your time here is at an end, this world is no longer safe for you. All that time spent with your grandma I hope you paid attention. I hope your Guardians paid attention. Life is going to get complicated and its going to get rough. You are in some places going to be fugitives on the run and others you'll be worshiped."

I'm sure the look on my face was less than pleasing. "Dad. Are you feeling ok?"

"Health wise I'm great physical shape. Emotionally I'm crushed. There is a place in Louisiana you'll need to get go to, here is a packet with all the details you'll need to know and a documents you'll need to travel. Its step by step and fool proof." He said as he handed her a rather large envelope.

"So will I meet up with somebody there? Dad this is pretty vague you know. Just popping over

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Looking down at the envelope I mumbled out a "What if I don't want to?"

"Then you'll most certainly die." He said as he hung his head and exited the front door.

After letting our meeting sink in I was thankful I wasn't really attached to anything here. No boyfriend, only a few friends. Its as if I was just floating by in life no plan, no purpose. Sitting back on my bed last night I opened the envelope. The first page was a hand written letter from my father.

Dear Lillian,

I hope you are able to forgive me and your mother we had very little options when you came about in our lives. When you were born we had to register you with our people. The time is coming up for them to enlist a new queen. According to what Vivean the high justice suspects foal play. We didn't want you to have to go through life like that. We wanted you for our own but the people we actually belong to want you back.

There is a man who is coming for you. His name is Jerek. Watch out for him. He will be the one person who will take you and you'll never see the light of day again, this is what I've been told. All I know the man is his eye color which is blue.

If you have any questions while packing call your grandma she'll fill you in on other things you need to know. Remember Lillian your life depends on you following the pages that follow this note. Every last little thing has to be perfect for this to work out right.

I love you my sweet child. With every cell of my body and every star in the sky. Think of me!

I love you always and forever

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confidence in me to make the right decisions. In my own head however I'm just not feeling it. The burst of motivation to make sure it gets done right, is like a distant shimmering light. Setting the note to the side I looked at page 2 of dads itinerary. Instantly I grew suspicious. Meet up with Rylan.

Rylan as in my fathers insanely hot assistant? Surely not. What fortuitous circumstances would make such a thing possible.

His eyes lightest brightest blue ever, hair almost completely black, firm and slender figure. Oh he was to die for, when he kept his mouth shut anyways.

He was a talker, or more like a back-talker. Always has something smart to say about every damn thing.

"This should be one interesting trip." I said aloud to my Guardians as I closed up the paper work and put in back inside the envelope.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8

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